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people: "If ever you refuse, or grumblingly accept, the laws which the genius guarding your destinies dictates to me for your happiness, you will merit the fate of ungrateful people. But perish that hideous idea!" There can be little doubt that he wished Haiti under his direction to become prosperous; but it is likewise clear that he was personally self-centred and inordinately grasping.

Each step Dessalines took to further his ambitions either for Haitian prosperity or for his own fortunes had its bearing upon the development of social classes in the country. Extermination of all remaining whites was one of the first tasks he set himself. On a promise of [illegible] and butchered them in cold blood. His campaign of extirpation was methodical and thorough. To try to penetrate into the psychological background of this violence is to desert fact for speculation: it may have been a desire for revenge on the French, pure and simple; it may have been gloating sadism; he may have wished to warn France against any future attempts to regain possession of the country; or he may have wanted to notify his subjects of his intention to rule with severe discipline. Certainly this last aim was achieved, if any of his people did not already know, after two years of warfare, the extent of his ruthlessness. He ruled by fear and by threats, never by the cultivation of loyalties.

Apparently he was afraid that Napoleon would renew his efforts to subdue the former colony. To forestall such an attempt he ordered each of his governing subalterns to construct one great fort on the most prominent hill in their district—a scheme which led immediately to the institution of forced labor. He likewise devised a plan, not actually put into effect, for destroying all towns and plantations near the coast and moving the capital to an inland village; and so isolating Haitians from all contact with the outside world.

Turning to domestic policy, he faced a herculean task. The warfare of 1802–3 had left the country in chaos. Plantations and agricultural projects were almost totally ruined. All habits of steady industry had been lost. Dread of a possible new attack by the French made necessary a great army, and this in turn removed most able-bodied men from productive labor in the fields, while the construction of fortresses still further depleted the labor supply. The first census of free Haiti, in 1805 (probably not highly accurate), showed only 380,000 people, with the women outnumbering men by almost three to two.

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person. To his evident surprise he was met not by meek submission, but by the army of the mulatto Pétion. Christophe was not defeated; neither was he victorious. He was obliged to retire in high dudgeon to his loyal supporters in the North, where he proceeded to set up a state according to his own idea of what a state should be.

The Assembly thereupon outlawed Christophe on the ground of rebellion against constituted authority, electing in his stead their great favorite Pétion, whose power as president of the Republic was to be limited by the new constitution. For the next thirteen years, from 1807 to 1820, the tiny country with its 10,000 square miles was divided, Christophe ruling in the North and in the fertile valley of the Artibonite, and Pétion governing until his death in 1818 in the West and South, the main strongholds of the colored element.

Christophe was of the stuff that myths are made of. He was indisputably Haiti's most dynamic, relentlessly effective, and dramatic ruler of the nineteenth century. Like Toussaint and Dessalines, he was a black ex-slave, and like them he had won his spurs as a military leader during the revolution. He was an ardent patriot whose love for his country did not lead to retrogressive chauvinism. Whereas Dessalines through fear and hatred of the French had excluded all white men from Haiti, Christophe had the perspicacity to see that the country could benefit from the contribution of whites. Englishmen he especially welcomed. Like his predecessors Christophe drove his people—with a tyrant's lash, many thought—but only to increase the glory of Haiti.

Christophe had a vaulting imagination which brought glamour even to practical expedients. He built a colossal fortress on a high mountain in the North, partly for defense, but partly to make his contemned Negro people feel that they could achieve one of the architectural and engineering marvels of the age. His exquisite palace, Sans Souci, not only satisfied his own vanity as a ruler but also provided a focal point for the imagination and loyalty of his subjects. In 1811 he had himself crowned king, Henry I, amidst pomp and circumstance—and then created a royal court, partly to reward his leaders, partly to get the fees for patents of nobility, but primarily to bind all important men in the country to himself and to the Haitian state with unbreakable personal bonds. Dramatic in almost every particular of his life and reign, he ruled for thirteen years more through force of personality than by tyranny. Taxes were heavy

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Patrick Henry, Randolph, and Samuel Adams as well. Madiou estimates that there were 52,500 men in the army in 1804, when Haiti's population was less than 400,000.[12]

Fear of the return of the French kept the army large, and the administration of agricultural affairs under both Dessalines and Christophe was in charge of it. The construction of a fortress in every district put laborers under the direct influence of the military.[13] In addition to the corvée, or forced labor, required to construct these fortifications, the workers of the nation in the time of Dessalines also had to clear the hillsides and the ravines connecting valleys, and plant them with bananas, yams, plantains, and other provisions to supply the garrisons which manned the forts.

The Emperor left his army to feed and clothe itself. Occasional rations were given as a part of wages, but they were irregularly distributed. In the South particularly the troops began to murmur and desert, stirred up by their mulatto officers who were themselves no better rewarded, and who were already beginning their plot to overthrow the Emperor. The accusation was made that the money which should have gone to the army was being used on Dessalines' mistresses. The soldiers indulged themselves in that most damaging of Haitian weapons, the witty song, full of double meanings but deadly in its thrust at public personages; by these symbolic songs the fall of Dessalines was not only predicted but actually prepared.

Christophe kept a military state, but he had learned many lessons from watching affairs under Dessalines. Realizing that he could not trust the preservation of his régime to the fickleness of an army which had seen his rise to power and had already deserted its first commander in chief, knowing too that there was treason even among his own guards, he made a contract with a company of foreign merchants for the transportation of twenty thousand blacks from Africa. These were to make up a military force independent of the Haitians,

12. *Histoire d'Haïti*, III, 122.

13. Each general was commanded by Dessalines to build a fort on one of the mountains in his district. The design seems to have been left to the general. A few of the fortifications were truly impressive. Christophe built La Ferrière near Milot in the North; Pétion the fortress of Jean-Jacques at Grand Fond, four leagues from Port-au-Prince; Capoix called his Les Trois Pavillons, in the range of mountains back of Port-de-Paix; Cangé and Yayou together built Campan near Léogane; Magloire Ambroise constructed a fortress near Cap Rouge and called it by that name; Geffrard built Platon near Les Cayes; Férou built Miolane near Jérémie; François began but did not finish Le Bonnet Carré near Aquin.

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policy of encouraging trade with his friends and prohibiting it with his enemies—both arbitrarily. The variation of Pétion was a sort of mercantilism, with set high tariffs.

What Dessalines planned was in terms of Western statecraft so weird that white onlookers felt they were restrained in calling Dessalines a transplanted African tribal chieftain. So passionately intense was the fury of that general against all whites that he took every precaution he could devise to prevent face-to-face dealings between his Haitians and foreigners. By deceit, treachery, and ingenious cruelty he conducted a massacre which deserves comparison with that of Saint Bartholomew: this effectively rid the country of white residents. Since for a time Haiti would have to depend for economic survival upon trade with foreigners, Dessalines next conceived a project whereby the whole population would be gathered in the centre of the island, in the most protected valleys and the gorges of the highest mountains. In these fastnesses the people would never see a white but would work on the land, producing sugar and coffee and cotton for export without ever leaving their local habitations. On the seacoast would be established certain "counters" over which a few incorruptible Haitians, chosen by the Emperor himself, would sell local products and buy the necessary imported goods. Impregnable fortresses were to guard access to the interior,[a] which would be reached by new roads from the seacoast "counters." Every seaport was to be destroyed as soon as new towns could be built in the back country. Already when his death intervened Dessalines had moved his capital from the Cape (that is, Cap-Haïtien, formerly Cap Français) to the inland village of Marchand (in the department of the Artibonite; now renamed Dessalines), and his next plan was to transfer Port-au-Prince eight leagues inland to the plantation Dérance, among the mountains.

Dessalines has been thought absurd, childish, barbaric. But there is something poignant, even tragic, in this fiery determination of the black chieftain, bitter over the cruelties and indignity to which his people had been subject for decades, to use this alien island as best he could and preserve his people at any cost from such another domination.

Despite his scheme for ultimate isolation of the people, Dessalines kept everyone steadily at work by the forced-labor system instituted

a. See p. 247 and note 13. under Toussaint.

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There are sections, particularly in the capital, in which shanties more resembling chicken coops than dwellings house whole families under leaky roofs of crude thatch. Privacy, cleanliness, sanitation, are not to be thought of. That the sun is warm in Haiti is a blessing, for cold would creep through the gaping walls. Where the shanty dwellers go in the rain, where they get their food, what relieves the dreary round of daily monotony the important people of Haiti do not know, nor do many of them seem to care. President Vincent undertook to clear away a section of the most abject slums in Port-au-Prince, erected in their place a series of two-room (likewise two-family) houses about a central square. Compared with the hovels they replaced the new houses are palatial; compared with houses Americans would consider adequate, they look more like unimaginative garages. With what rapidity an epidemic of serious nature might sweep the lower sections of the city, which are but one vast slum, is a thought too harrowing to entertain.

In the whole city there are hardly half a dozen buildings which would detain the lover of architecture. The president's palace is a gleaming white structure, somewhat resembling the White House in Washington. With its background of lofty mountains it makes an impressive picture, although it stands naked in the vast public square of the city. Young palm trees are now growing in the square, and may before many years provide for the palace the setting it deserves. Inside the palace one's chief impression is of emptiness. Other government buildings range from plain white edifices which fulfill their practical function without any suggestion of aesthetic graciousness, down through the inferior grades to wooden structures which one passes without a second glance. The cathedral, placed upon an eminence, is unattractive both in its exterior and in the glaring interior. Upon one of its finger towers at night gleams a light to guide ships into the harbor. The clubs and a few of the villas are pleasant to look at; the colleges of the lay brothers are impressively large, but bespeak the provincial town.

Indeed, one wanders up and down the country in search of man-made beauty and finds only two examples, both partially ruined, and both in the North: Christophe's magnificent citadel, La Ferrière, and the shattered shell of his charming palace, Sans Souci.

The citadel is breath-taking. Astride a great peak the huge edifice resembles the mighty beak of a ship about to soar off into the atmosphere. Inside one can wander through endless vaults, gaze from

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the battlements far off across the tortuous mass of mountains and green valleys, admire the sheer strength of will which made His Majesty's subjects bear four hundred cannon up the steep and rocky path—not to mention thousands of cannon balls now rusting away after a century of disuse, or the powder and shot which once filled the magazines. It is said that five thousand soldiers could be housed in the fortress at once. If this is hyperbole, one hardly dare challenge it, for the whole Citadel belittles the individual man. It is likewise said that Christophe once made a battalion of soldiers march off the cliff to their death merely to demonstrate his absolute control over them. Such stories grow up around His Black Majesty. He lies entombed in his useless but still superb fortress—and lives in the memory of the Northerners, one of whom said proudly: "We of the North have a great heritage, and you will find that we are all dominated by *une psychologie citadelienne*."

Dungeons, secret passages, royal apartments, separate rooms for each of the old Dutch, Spanish, French, and English cannon, some of them dating back to the seventeenth century—all the paraphernalia of the storybook fortress is present. From a bastion one gazes, as from an alp, for miles in any direction, and feels that La Ferrière is certainly one of the most impressive, and one of the most futile, edifices in the world. If the silent cannon had ever been fired, their balls would have rumbled harmlessly down the mountainside. The suspicion grows that Christophe achieved his architectural miracle not primarily as a defense against the French, but to make his subjects proud of what a nation of despised ex-slaves could accomplish.

Five miles away, at the foot of the mountain, is the village of Milot, with the ruins of the palace of Sans Souci. Of yellow stone, it spreads out spaciously like a French château. Its rooms must have been magnificent. The palace is so situated that one may look out across the northern plains to the sea, or up the valleys to mountain peaks. In Sans Souci Christophe shot himself in 1820 when he knew that only *souci* would remain to him if he lived.

Transportation from one part of the country to another is far from easy. There are no railroads—unless one counts the short line running north a few miles from Port-au-Prince to nowhere in particular, and the equally short line coming west into Cap-Haïtien from the fields of the northern plain. Roads built by the American Marines make automobile travel between the main towns possible, if one does not